Times Anotomie.

Containing

The poore mans plaint, Babylons *trouble, and her triumph.*

The Popes pride, Romes treasons, and her destruction:

Affirming,

That *Gog*, and *Magog*, both shall perish, the Church of Christ shall flourish, *Iudeas* race shall be restored, and the manner how this mightie worke shall be accomplished.

Made by Robert Pricket, *a Souldier: and dedicated to all the Lords of his Maiesties most honourable priuie Councell.*

Multis pateo, non multiloquis.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Honourable, the *Lords and others of his Maieſties* moſt Honourable priuie Councell. *Robert Prickes wisheth all increaſe of Honour in this world, and in the world to come life euerlaſting.*

MY honoured Lords, it is a true ſaying, that Conſcientia eſt mille teſtes, *which ſentence makes me confident, becauſe I know the vprightnes of my heart to God, and faithfull and obedient loyalty vnto my King, and loue to you the honourable* Peeres *and* Princes *of the* State, *together with my honeſt zeale vnto my countries benefit, is, in the preſence of heauens Maieſtie teſtified by a thouſand witneſſes, and therefore in the iuſtice of my hopes reſolue, I haue aduentured, vnto your honours to dedicate this little booke, and in the clearence of my conſcience, I cannot but expect a kind acceptance at your Lordſhips hands.*

The laſt vntimely fruit, which by a publicke print I raſhly publiſhed, gaue iuſt occaſion to procure your diſlike: and my amiſſe therein, was greater, then at firſt I could conceiue, for it is an euill not to be borne with, when the greateſt (much more, when ſo meane a ſubiect as my ſelfe) ſhall dare to call in queſtion, things formerly determined, by the iuſtice of the Law, iudgment of the honoured Peeres, *and prudent wiſedome of a kingdomes moſt honourable Councellers: and too high doth their*

presumption clime (especially in a cause of so great consequence) whose words would seeme as if they did desire, so to extenuate an offence, as that in respect of the offendor, opinion should bee taught, eyther to taxe the Lawe with cruelties, or the State with inhumanity: he therefore whose actions shall but beare a shew, as if they were directed vnto some such purpose, justly deserueth to be punnished. And yet may it please your Honours; I must needes confesse, my punnishment was compounded of an absolute Lenitie, without (in the least sort) beeing mixt with any apparance of Seueritie: and as I am in this respect, bound vnto you all (my Lords) so principally my thanks must humbly runne, vnto the Right Honorable the Earle of Salisbury, by whose loue and bountie, my cause was fauourably censured, my liberty procured, and my wants relieued. Concerning the worthinesse of whose euer honourable disposition, I would largely speake, but that I know, true honoured vertue, whose euer constant wisdome, and approued Iudgement, laboureth to performe each vertuous and well commended office, so as it cannot, but by a certaine kinde of supreame excellence, worthily deserue worlds praise, yet will it not indure to heare it selfe praised.

As iust cause there is, so now I doe reioyce to see, that Mars and Mercurie, are in Coniunction ioyned, the powerfull Venus, Lady of that house, and mightie Iupiter, with kinde Aspect, Predominate: Maiestie, Honour, Wisdome, loue, and wisdomes gouernment, haue wrought a happie worke: vnto them all, be still continued and increast, the glory of each best esteemed happinesse. And that Emperiall greatest vnion maker, whose prudent iudgement laboureth in peace for to vnite, great Brittons Monarchie, in him, and in his Royall line, shall most Princely and potent Monarches be established, by whom, Empires and Kingdomes, shall bee vnto their Christ united Conquest, and Triumph, shall for euer waite vpon the Regall Scepter of their awfull gouernment. Oh let the loue of all good Subiects, vnto them remaine as constant, as they are constantly of heauen beloued.

In

In this little worke which I haue called, Times Anotomie, *(the first part whereof was finisht by me almost two years since) I doe with a religious anger chide, the violent, and presumptious rage of vnrul'd abuses, because I greeue to see the grosse impieties which our time commits; breefely therefore, I haue Anotomis'd those euills which do afflict the world. And in the prosses of my bookes discorse, my reprehentions, may paraduenture be accounted round, and sharpe. But* Corsiue *vseth not to be applied vnto the flesh that is sound, and where it hath no power to touch, it procures no smart, and therefore cannot be offensiue vnto you my Lords, whose iudgement, wisdome, vertue, and Iustice, alwaies bounded in the most honorable life of vnstained vprightnesse, labereth by all meanes possible to purge our land from those iniquities, against which my poore and vnrespected words complaine. But when they shall from your perfection passe, vnto the generall, much disordered multitude, where imperfection swelles with misdemeaners surfeting; if then it be there chance to light vppon an ill compounded outside closed vp vilar, whose vnseene hollownesse in it selfe containes, the poyson of some grosse corruptions* Coare, *there let them sinke and worke, and purge, and by the rootes pluck vp that which puts downe the race of man; from heauens eternal most glorious and vncompared felicity.*

Some little part of my most pith-lesse worke is drawne from obseruations Philosophicall, the rightly termed Agar. *seruant to* Saray, *and hand-made to diuinity; for signes of times and seasons, were the starres created, and sonne and moone were made times gouernors: all which do by a speciall influence vnto time, presage times future accedents, and doe prescribe right well approued, and most worthily commended documents, so farforth as the al powrful Maiesty of the Creator, be not tyed to the millerie included in the Creature, and what in this case I haue breifly specified, I hope my pen hath vsed such moderation, as that no word in this vnworthy worke shalbe offensiue to your honored wisdomes.*

Against the Sea, and seate of Blasphemy, I do (in this my writing) most desire with greatest force to beare my selfe be-

cause from Rome, that cursed Babilon, proceeds each hellborne dangerous mischiefe, by which our King and State is, (& alwayes hath beene) menaced: I haue therefore directly pointed, at the approoued nerenesse of proud Romes destruction, farther shewing, that both Gog, and Magog, shall be cleane extinct, and vtterly caste out, by the wrathfull furie of a mercilesse confusion, and haue briefly giuen an Index vnto the manner how this mightie worke shall be accomplished, grounding the truth of my discription, vpon obseruations grounded on holy Writ, that most Sacred and Diuine authoritie. And though that in a plaine and moderne verse, I haue described the waightie Accedents of Time: yet if your Honors will vouchsafe to read, I hope you shall finde me much to differ, from an idle Poets vsuall course; for without hauing respect to a vaine varietie of words, or painted circumstance, I haue onely applyed my indeuours, vnto the effectuall life, and materiall Substance, of that which I desire to describe.

Though time receiues disturbance, by some, neither valiant, wise, nor honest, but in their hearts, no lesse then State disturbing Catalines, for Libellers are meerly such, whose thoughts be in themselues rebellions, and actions tend vnto rebellion, but in despight of them, and treasons treacherie, God will bring his purposes to passe, by the instrumentall meanes of Humane gouernment, and Britton shall (as now it is) by a prudent wisdome, iudgement, and prouidence, be for euer vprightly gouerned.

Thus may it please your Honours, I haue once more aduentured, by my vnworthy (and yet well meaning) Pen, not to present this booke alone, but therewith to dedicate my poore and vnrespected selfe vnto your Lordships: and though my labours doe neuer chance to meet with the approbation of this sentence, ὃν πλεῖον ἥμισυ, παντὸς τοῦ κέρδους, yet I hope my new indeuours shall not make me say, Solabar fatis, contraria Fata rependens, for my labour doth but desire to liue, to the end my liues imploiments may wholy be deuoted to my countries benefit. But, vnto that all powerfull prouidence, which holdes the hearts of Kings within his hand, do I commit my hopes, and you my Lords to heauens eternall happinesse.

Your Honors, in all humble duie,
Robert Pricket.

To the Reader.

THough cuſtome, doth in a ſort compell my Pen, by this Epiſtle, generally to direct my labours to the *vulgar multitude*; yet I neither do deſire, nor expect, a fauourable cenſure of euery one that reads: for my affection bou-ded in a compaſſe more particular, doth onely deſire to content, and pleaſe, the *Graue, wiſe, religious*, and *well affected* Readers, for the reſt, let them in oppoſition ſtand, for my part neither lou'd, nor fear'd; yet in my charitie, I wiſh amendment vnto all, leaſt all bee marde for want of mending.

Such as my ſelfe, either *Souldiers*, or generally the poorer ſort, whoſe pouertie vnto the earth is cruſht, with the maſſie burden of their woes calamitie, to whom is giuen no *hand* to helpe them *vp*; but *hate, contempt*, and *ſcorne*, to keepe them downe, whilſt *Enuie, Pride*, and *Malice*, mercileſſe, ſtrange Monſters-like, with hands of Braſſe, hands of Lead, feete of Yron, and hearts of Flint, with violence, and inſulting ſteps, doe tread vpon the aduerſe fortune of a poore mans miſerie, vnto thoſe poore ones, though in this worlds reſpect, accounted abſolutely comfortleſſe, yet may my lines to them, the comfort of the ſweeteſt conſolation bring, if with a Chriſtian patience, they do indure their wants, and in the ſight of their impietie, confeſſe that God is iuſt, and iuſtly puniſheth, and then, if in the inward feeling of grieſes true compunction, and ſorrowes ſound *Anxietie* for ſinne. Their ſoules humilitie, and repentant hearts, doe from theſe things beneath, with ioy, direct faiths eyes aboue to looke, they ſhall behold the glory of that throne, where ſhines the ever radiant golden beames of heauens eternall glorious maieſtie, where at the right hand of God the father, ſits redemptions only ſtrength, & worlds alone ſaluation, Ieſus Chriſt, who hath prepard a

kingdome for his Saints, from whence the greatest power can neuer plucke the poorest soule, that on his grace depends and in the meditation of this felicitie and vncompared neuer ending happines, let them reioyce who in this world do want each worldly cause of ioy.

Those Idle vaine misgouernd dissolutes, the spots and staines of our corrupted time, proud plumed gallants whose actions Atheismeticall, do seeme as if they scornde both heauen and hell, for them I wish: they did but know themselues, or could perceaue the feareful horror of their owne estate; for certaine the world shal passe from them, or they from it, and they not here on earth their sinnes repenting, the world to come shall be to them most terrible. When they in vaine shall wish earths mountaines on their heads to fal, thereby to hide them, from the wrath of God, those therefore that make a gaine of sinne, and letts adultry and fornication out, to feare those that by whoredome reape an anuall rent, and do resolue by them, to liue vpon whom they haue spent their meanes of liuing, such as do with most delight sucke vp the filthyest dregges of worst Impiety, and glut themselues with ranke damnation, whose proud presumptuous sinne doeth as it were, euen in a desperate vilde dispight, proudly beare it selfe against the powerfull greatnesse of their makers maiesty & with their sauage rude, and godlesse blasphemy, doe rende and teare in sunder the glory of saluations name, those of that number which vsually do vse for affirmation of their vildest filthynesse to sweare, *God confound them. Gods curse light on their hearts*, God damme them body & soule perpetually, and if it were not so, when for because it was so all that they wish on their owne heads shall fall, and in the presence of heauens Iustice, their names beeing regestred in hells black booke, they one day, must receiue that sentence which shall throwe their soules and bodies into that sulpher lake, where for euer, in endlesse burning flames amongst the diuels, they must & shal indure the al cōsuming

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fury and fiers indignation of Gods eternall iudgement, Oh may we therefore here on earth, our selues so iudge as that in the world to come, we be not vnto hell adiugded.

You little least and almost vnseene number in respect of worlds great multitude, who in your hearts doe purpose to performe, those actions that vnto righteousnes belong; know I cānot giue offence to you by plainly setting foorth the true Anotamy, of our times abuse, doe you as those of heauen beloued, increase in loue, and heauenly charity: for those whom God doth iustifie, their affections are also sanctied, vnto the obedience of his will. Make therefore your election sure, by sufficient testimony in your selues, on earth, by holy workes, let your faith bee dignified that in heauen by faith alone, you may be iustified, bild not the sollace of your faiths content, vpon the fruitlesse florish, of vnfruitful leaues; nor let a selfe concealed pride, or wilfull arrogance, disturbe the peace of Syon, and glory of our church, but, as becomes the members of Iesus Christ our head, ioyne in the fellowship of saints and walke together in the pathes of sanctity, stil praysing God whose mercie hath preserued great *Britons* monarke, with the princely state and glory of his monarchye.

Concerning Rome, if any Papist chance to reade, and find himselfe agrieued at my words, let him, or them, euen as they will, or can be satisfyed, for were the Pope a temporall Prince, and so accounted and no more, I would vse him with some reuerent respect; although I know him, (as indeed he is) my countries enemy. But as he is the now reuealed Antichrist, and sitts vpon the seat, and Sea, of blasphemy; I will not vse any shewe of reuerence to his misnamed holines, whose vildest predecessor *Boniface*, the 3. at first did builde the strength of euery Popes supremacie vpon the bloud of Christians, and spoile of Christiandome, since when, neither by lawes humane, nor yet diuine, but rather by deuilish plottes, most treacheries and inhumane pollicies the Pope, and court of Cardinalls haue

diuellishly maintain'd the most ambitious, tyrannicall, vsurpant, bloudy, and aspiring pride of *Romes* blasphemous gouerment, which shortly will breake forth into a publicke rage, and then confusions shame, with condigne punishment, armde in wraths furie, will vnto the fearfull downefull of her vtmost ruine, swiftly follow her, when she, and all her followers shall mourne, because the lawes of hell they followed.

About the approbation of *Romes* most monstrous greatnesse, I cannot with my Pen make answer, vnto the sophisme of their wrangling Sophister, *Romes* great *Achilles*, and like him a Christian, famous *Bellermine*; but if on *Romes* behalfe, in a Souldiers place, a Champion would skip forth, and play the Challenger, him I thanke God I durst be bold to answer, and on his head, and heart for to auow, that *Rome* maintaines, an Antichristian regencie, & that the Pope is this worlds deceiuing Antichrist, and the selfe same whore that in the Reuelation of S. *Iohn* is specified, and in this trueths defence, if called by a lawfull meanes, the resolued readinesse of my liues resolution, shall with most comfortable ioy both liue and die.

Mors Christi causa, vita perennis erit:

Not to wrong the *Romaine* charitie, but to giue the diuell his due, if on the *Popes* behalfe I stood with no lesse confidence, then I against him doe, vndoubtedly, I thinke that then I should not need for to deplore, nor yet complaine, the wants of me and mine, nor to indure an vnrespected misery: but God forbid that any hope of gaine, should make me ioyne with them that are the foes to Christ, nor doe I now inforce my maner of writing, by reason of the times aduantage, for by a booke intituled *A Souldiers Resolution*, dedicated to the King, and vnto his Royall selfe deliuered, I made bould to tell his Maiestie, euen at his first comming into England, what frutes his Highnesse should expect to reape from *Romaine* Catholicks, and now my words are by their actions verified.

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As touching Papists generally, I those to heauen commit, that vnto heauen belong, and for the treasons to our King, & kingdomes, done by *Romes* adherence, & Popish packe, Catholicall, be all they accused, that may iustly be condemned and for those that haue beene actors in this last and greatest treason, let iustice vnto their destruction follow them, and least good subiects should still too much affect, those that will remaine infected with the Romane Leprosie, I but request the well affected sort indifferently to iudge. What may not they doe, vnto whom all thinges may be made lawfull to be done, and what credit is there to be giuen to them, vnto whom is granted so learge a libertie? and what vse they haue alwaies made thereof, the world may witnesse, and our experience haue oft beene in a dangerous hassar'd, to be most dearely bought, those then that by substantiall proofe, cannot otherwise bee accounted, then corrupted and infected members, alwaies corrupting, infecting, and most dangerously working in our publick weale, why may not euery good subiect, iustly desire to be discharged of them, for vnlesse, the materiall cause whence euill proceeds be clearely take hence, the effects of euill can neuer cease, and when some times an euils presumption, be not so at first laide hold vpon, as that thereby the passage of each suspected course, may with an inuiolable strength be stayed: A little sufferance (in such cause) may most vnhappily too soone, produce the damned vildenesse of some vile action done, whereby a iust lamenting, shall haue too iust a cause to runne before a iust reuenging; but the consideration hereof, I referre vnto the Maiestie, honour, and wisdome of that place, where at this time, there should not now haue beene, eyther place, wisdome, honour, or Maiestie, if *Romes* designes, could with a hell-borne blacke destructions hand, haue rac'd them out.

To

To conclude, seeth the sinnes of the People doe iustly bring the wrath of GOD vpon that land, in which they dwel, it behoueth all of vs, with feare and trembling, vnto our God nue, & with faiths repentance in the name of Iesus Christ to pray heauens maiesty, that as in mercy he hath preserued vs from that vniuersall blowe, which wold in blood haue drowned our monarchy, that so in the loue & fauour of his stil continued grace, he would vouchsafe farre from vs to remoue, those other iudgments which if we stil procure his wrath do stand prepared for our punishment, and to this peticion (of more waight perhaps then is considered) let euery honest reader say amen.

Thus wishing that my labours may vnto the best procure contentment, I leaue the rest, euen as they will to be contented, and do onely vowe my selfe a friend to those, that vnto God, my King, and Country, are approued friends, to such, the abondant zeale, of a poore mans loue, flowes foorth, to you, the well affected, himselfe he humbly giues.

That will in life, and death, be only yours,

Robert Pricket

TIMES ANOTOMIE.

EVen in the time, when ioy and ſorrow met,
When preſent woe, did preſent ioy beget.
When eyes, and hearts, did make an equall choiſe,
To weepe, to mourne, to triumph, and reioyce:
When heauen tooke hence, and yet vnto vs ſent
Moſt cauſe of griefe, and cauſe of moſt content;
Then in that ſtrange, worſt, beſt, and happieſt time,
A *Souldier* ſung, *Loues* ſong, in vnſmooth'd rime.
Yet by his words, it might be plainely ſeene,
He praiſ'd the vertues of a maiden *Queene*.
Whoſe Maieſtie in glory now excelling,
Leaues glories fame on earth, to keepe her dwelling;
A poore mans loue, her grace would well requite,
But now poore men, in vaine *Loues* ſongs indite.
The *Muſe* by whom, her vertues moſt are praiſ'd,
Shall leaſt thereby, from woe to weale be raiſ'd.
When matchleſſe worth, is wrapt in leaues of lead,
The liuing, they forget the worthieſt dead.
No vertue can, it ſelfe continuance giue,
It is the pen, that makes all vertues liue,
And pennes I know, will mount her praiſe ſo high,
That in this world, her fame ſhall neuer die.
My lines alas, from worth do differ farre,
I do confeſſe, they moſt vnworthy are:
And yet my loue aſwell deſir'd to ſing,
The praiſes of the worlds admir'd *King*:
A Souldiers wiſh, I am ſure, wiſht all things well,
His wiſh, his want, did in ſtrange ſort compell.
Yet he reſolu'd; *A Reſolution* fram'd,
For which (gainſt him) Gods foes haue chiefly aim'd.

A traytrous ſpeech, which might not be conceald,
Hee's, hated moſt, by whom it was reuealed.
Hate, Scorne, Deſpight, wrong done to honeſt adhoe,
Then out of rule, are ſuch diſordered fractions.
Though men not gaine, when well to do they chooſe,
It's hard when men for doing well ſhall looſe.
But poore to be, if thence proceeds the cauſe,
Hard world, when poore, muſt feed proud enuies iawes.
Hence doth proceed ſad woes, aboundant ſorrow,
Not knowing whence, it might contentment borrow.
To the poore mans *King*, a poore mans plaint ſhall flie,
And thus complaine, vnto his Maieſty.

The poore mans breaſt, in ſeas of ſorrow toſt,
For ſhipwracke lookes, hopes ankers all are loſt.
Oh where is mercie, doth the poore man aske,
On earth to finde, it were a wondrous taske.
The word alone, is eaſie to be found,
But as a word, it hath no more then ſound.
Contempt, and ſcorne, extortion, Enuies rage,
They floriſh beſt, in this remorceles age.
The poore may ſay, feeling oppreſſions wrong,
That fewe or none, will ſing King *Dauids* ſong.
This rotten world, doth painted garments weare,
Leaues without fruit, profeſsions name doth beare.
Bleſt charity, diuine religions grace,
Now ſtearu'd to death, hath but a pictures place.
Celeſtiall *Loue*, the goulden chaine of piety,
Is turn'd to luſt, and cloth'd in ſinnes variety.
Friendſhips beſt ſhew, deceipt and fraud doth cloake,
Diſſembling friends, are wrapt in flatteries ſmoake.
Plaine dealyng men, that honeſt plainneſſe vſe,
Them to vphold, doth euery hand refuſe.

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Clam Clawback he, with *Peter Pickthanke* hands,
To reape reward, euen from the worthiest hands,
Faire words feedes fooles, best wise men are trusted,
Euen by that baite, wherewith most fooles are fed.
Wel, wil they speake, whose thoughts are vertuous euil,
In words a Sainct, in deedes a monstrous deuill,
Who doth desire worlds wise ones to resemble,
Must learne by art, with cunning to dissemble,
He that is not, beyond all compasse holiest,
His wit is grosse, and his inuention shallowe,
Good policie, hath lost commended vse,
Bad politicks, boast, in that words abuse,
A faithles wit, is wildome which excelles,
They are best wise, that most are *Machiuels*.
Wisedome it selfe, it selfe doth much disgrace,
When as it striues, a shadow to imbrace.
As if that men should here for euer line,
So they themselues vnto the world do giue.
Poore men that in this world, do want worlds wealth,
Are sure to want, loue, friends, meat, drinke, clothes.
This prouerb liues, each for himselfe cries all, (health
Great heapes thereby, from heauen to hell do fall.
The poore man thus, this worlds tourne doth serue,
Steale, and be hang'd, or mourning, sigh and starue.
Wet eyes, sad hearts, poore men oppresst and greeued,
May line, or die, vnpittied, vnrelieued.
Great wealth that buildes, euill gotten riches fast,
Will not his bread, vpon the water cast.
Sadly poore men, may mourne their wretched thrall,
Whilst rich men add, more bitternesse to gal.
Proudly, rich pompe (with proudnesse) pride adorneth,
Proud wealth, the poore mās poorenes, proudly scorneth

Poore, poorely ſits, his pouerty deploring,
Wealth (as his God) ſits heapes of durt adoring.
What old Churles gets, by extortious vſury,
Young fooles do ſpend, in pride and luxury.
Vaine, Vaineſt, Vainneſſe, Vanity doth nouriſh,
In ſilke and golde, vaine ones doe vainely flouriſh.
Experience tels, Prides painted prodigalitie,
Hath cut the throat, of wonted hoſpitality.
The poore mans want, no painted *Peacock* feeles,
Poore ſoules muſt not come nere *Prides* waggon wheels.
Silkes muſt be worne, what price ſo ere they coſt,
Three ſuites perhaps, ere once the booke be croſt.
Proud female felts, are like the *Oſtridge* plum'd,
And *Souldiers* now, by chamber warres conſum'd,
Such in their caps muſt gallant feathers weare,
Who in their hearts do ſuch like lightneſſe beare:
Nature; no Art, beautifies the blood
As faire, as ſweete, both artificiall good.
Muske, Ciuit, and Imbrothery, high priz'd vaine,
Hath charity, with Prides corruption ſtaine.
Pride hath ſo much a decent forme forſooke,
As now proud heads through gridiron ribs muſt looke.
So much is lou'd the tricks of French attire,
As many are more Frencht then they deſire.
Pripe puppet-like in Female folly flings,
with a good gownes charge, in one vaine paire of wings.
worlds pompe, worlds wrack, worlds woe, worlds miſery
Pride, not content to goe, gets wings to flie.
Court, Prides deuſe, our gentry imitates,
The Cittie follows, each, each ruinates.
The yoemans name, proud minds will not allow,
All *Gentles, Knights, Ladies* or *Beggers* now.

Pride beares that wealth, vpon presumptions back,
That makes the poore, so much releife to lack.
Italian tricks haue rayſ'd the auncient rent,
In idle *Pompe* muſt be moſt bounty ſpent.
Gay Cloathes, Rich Plate, fine Houſes, Iewells, Rings,
To publique weale, pale deaths conſumption brings.
Pride, to defend baſe proud ambitions fort,
A *Cotage* makes to ſeeme a princely *Court*.
Now to maintaine the pompe of thriftles ſending,
Each ſubtill braine muſt be in Law contending.
A hurtfull ſwarme of hungry trencher-flies,
To fat themſelues, can wrangling trickes deuiſe.
With foggy ſweat, the Lazie lubbers toyle,
Deſir's to feede vpon his countries ſpoile.
Oh were they *Tithd*, and all the *Nienths* caſt by,
Each tenth would ſerue to labour honeſtly.
Their wits can make ſuch wondrous heapes their owne,
As molehills are to mighty mountaines growne.
Wealthes current in a three-fold ſtreame doth runne,
Two flouds are paſt, the third not yet begunne,
The *Clergie* firſt, the *Lawier* next getts much,
The end of time will make the *Souldier* rich.
Goods by deceipt, cunning, fraud and wrong,
Togither ſcrapt, will not continue long.
The mother Church, lockt vp a goulden ſtore,
To feede it ſelfe, and to relieue the poore.
That bountie which did vnto all ſorts giue,
Fatts but a fewe, the moſt muſt poorely liue.
Wealth which it ſelfe did to good vſe diſpoſe,
Now ſerues to paint an idle veluet hoſe. (preachers,
The ſtock growne poore, which ſhould maintaine good
Makes Coblers now to ſeeme ſufficient teachers.

All sorts can prate and talke of things diuine,
In fewe or none a righteous life doth shine.
Braue plumed gallants, made gay with silken suites,
On Gods pure word, amongst their cups disputes.
A tauerne, dice, wine, sugar, and a wench,
Much loue to them, doth good deuotion quench.
The *Papall* sea, doth thinke good workes doe merite,
The Protestant his faith must heauen inherite.
For to euill vse, one doth good workes deuise,
The other doth good workes, to vse despise.
Time past, did to the world, this truth reueale,
A blinde deuotion, hindered faithfull zeale.
Time present doth, this truth for certaine show,
Least good we doe, when most we seeme to know.
The Heathen men did so themselues incline,
That *Stoycks* seem'd (then we) farre more diuine.
Amongst them was, the law of mine and thine,
With better faith, though in a faithlesse time.
They seru'd their Gods, with a religious care,
And did their lawes obey, with trembling feare.
The God of Gods, to vs in truth declar'd,
We liue, as though, nor heauen, nor hell we fear'd.
Ierusalem, men seeme as if they sought,
But going wrong, they are to *Babell* brought,
Some fooles doe thinke, to finde the way by chance,
And thither runne, as in a Morrice daunce.
Some at a play, haue wisely more discern'd,
Then euer they, at any Sermon learn'd.
Who from the Stage, would fetch heauens admonitions
Let Woodcocks be, vnto those fooles Phisitions.
By-wayes to seeke, and tread in pathes vneuen,
Such trauailers neere finde the way to heauen.

No ſhadow can, ſubſtanciall hope beguild,
If on Gods word, faith doth arightly build.
In building new, men vſe ſuch curious coſt,
As that the moſt, haue beſt foundation loſt.
Some thinke ſuch power, in them remaineth ſtill,
As Gods commandements, breake and keepe they will;
But if there did, ſuch ſtrength in vs remaine,
God then ſhould vſe, ſaluations meanes in vaine.
What *Adam* loſt, all humane race did loſe,
And what he kept, that for our part we choſe.
Will, to do good, that force in *Adam* died,
Since when, that grace was to his ſeed denied.
So in our ſelues, ſinne euery action ſtaines,
That to do good, in vs no power remaines.
From Heauen, where God doth in his glory dwell,
By *Adams* fall, he and his children fell,
And when to riſe, no meanes at all they knew,
The promiſd ſeede, did Death, and hell ſubdue.
We are reſtor'd by our Redeemers hand,
Not of our ſelues, but by his grace we ſtand.
Then let the ſoules, of righteous men expreſſe,
That in their Chriſt, doth liue their righteouſneſſe.
I ſigh to heare ſome vilde ones, vildly ſay,
That vnto life or death, foredoomd are they,
A ſoule drownde vp, in helliſh deſperation,
Saith he beleeues in Gods predeſtination.
Or heauen, or hell, or well, or euill to do,
He hath or doth, what hee's ordaind vnto.
Taught by the deuil, falſely affirme he can,
Without Gods will, ther's nothing done by man.
Our knowledge hath, brought forth infectious fruite,

When

When hell-borne impes, dares thus like deuils dispute.
Eares stopt, and hearts, with burning Irons sear'd,
As fuell are for Gods fierce wrath prepar'd.
Who thinkes of sinne that God the author is,
Shall be exempt from Gods eternall blisse.
The strength of Gods vncomprehended state,
Is that whereby we are predestinate.
Yet doth he suffer, what he doth not will,
Wherein his Power is vndeuided still.
The euill we doe, he willes not to be done,
For in our selues that cause is first begun:
God by his Grace, doth so mans soule attend,
As that we know what tis for to offend.
If euill we doe, and shall his grace reiect,
The fault is ours, for done by our neglect.
Heauens iustice then, most iustly doth dispence,
Presumptuous sinne, is a most damn'd offence.
Doe well, and then in Christ thy deeds are knowne,
Doe euill, and sinne, is in thy selfe thine owne.
Be not deceiu'd, good workes thy faith must proue;
For God in Christ doth all good actions loue.
Christ dyed for me, so each beleeuer saith,
As Infidels are men of fruitlesse faith.
Profession fie, it doth too much dissemble,
Not vsing that which most Christ doth resemble.
Where are the hands which should poore creatures cherish? (ruth
Christ saues not those that lets his members perish?
Do good to them that of faiths household be,
No, the world delights their greatest wants to see.
On earth alas, to whom should poore men flie,
In vaine their words tels forth their misery.
Honor which should the poore mans cause defend,

Helpes

Helpes not that hope which doth thereon depend,
Compassion so in all estates is vanisht,
As by decree, it were from all sorts banisht.
Religions name, is but dissemblers mockery,
And seeming saints, are maskt in hells hipocrisie.
Oh in this age, such is the worlds condition,
As this word poore, doth spoile the poore petition.
Poore man, poore hope, poore to thy plaint not put,
Poore gainst it selfe, it selfe, al dores doeth shut.
The poore mans heart, with griefe to death is stung,
In vayne he speaks that wants a goulden tongue.
Silent be he whose coine his cause declareth,
A feeling sence, which vnderstanding heareth.
An honest name, diuine religion two,
Is bought and sould, all this can money do.
Who to good fame by gouldensteps can mount,
Him doth this world, for worthiest man accompt.
Let vertue in a poore man cleerely shine,
A guilded gull is colmted more diuine.
A sattin suite, be dawb'd with siluer lace,
Beyond desart, doth vildest clownship grace.
Immodest talke, and shameles ribaldry,
With monstrous oathes is court like blasphemy.
In mony now there is such wondrous might,
As that a clowne will strue to be a knight.
Bright *Honors* wreath vaine idle fooles will craue it,
That want wherewith to keepe it when they haue it.
No doubt but now a gallant velvet company,
Three times a weeke may banquit with *Dutch Housery*.
In blood our gallants once cald to vse worthy chualdry,
With running they will sweat most fearfully.
Theyle do no lesse vnto the field once led,
Then *Romes* braue youthes for their great *Pompey* did.

Proud daring lookes, in ſcorne of all diſgraces,
Will turne their backes, to ſaue their amorous faces.
A face ſtarke nought, in feare of preſent harmes,
Muffels it ſelf, with croſſe wreth'd recreant armes.
whē once *Sir mony Knight*, heares the fier'd mouth'd guns,
He ſtartes, and ſhakes, and ſweares, and hence he runnes.
Diſgrace not deares, to touch the worthy merite,
Of any valiant well reſolued ſpirit.
What iſt the worſt may not for money buy,
Honour, much *Loue*; and ſeeming honeſty.
Rich let him be, and who can hurt him then,
Knaues wrapt in wealth, are counted honeſt men.
Honeſt, if poore, he this reward muſt haue,
Hang him baſe roage, proud begger, impious knaue.
No place nor office can the poore man buy,
Wealth neere ſo vilde, can mount it ſelfe on high.
Such is the force, of this corrupted time,
Downe trampled poore, helpes wealth aloft to clime.
Wealth doth ſo much, from natures lawe digreſſe,
As that it feedes vpon the poore mans fleſh.
Seauen leane beaſts had, of ſeauen fat oxen, power,
But now ſeauen fat, do ſeauenty leane deuoure.
Rich men do make, poore trad'ſ-men faint and ſweat,
Who in their wants, their cloathes, and tooles, muſt eate.
The ſcience, which made Englands weale to flouriſh,
And of the poore did many thouſands nourriſh.
Muſt now inrich, a forreine ſtrangers ſtore,
And leaue vs heapes of vnreleeued poore.
From England if, raw cloathes might not be ſent,
It would redreſſe poore peoples languiſhment.
And pay farre more, in taſke, and ſubſidy,
Then now is raiſ'd, to *Brittons Maieſty*.

In common wealth, a man may thousands see,
That common wealths-men doe disdaine to bee.
Selfe scraping gaine, the children are of sloath,
In publique weale, they are like mothes in cloath.
Monopolitans are they whose policy,
Commits a vilde, yet vncheckt felony.
Let poore men thus of this or that complaine,
Rich men will hould the course whereby they gaine.
Who findeth fault with things that are amisse,
If he be poore, he must affliction kisse.
The poore man saith that Iustice wants a hand,
It beates, the bad, not helpes the good to stand.
That *Soueraigne Mistres* should the euill reiect,
But not refuse, her children to protect.
Oppression swims amidst extortions streames,
And doeth not know, what restitution means.
Rich men do wrong, no; it's right though it be wrong,
At lest he makes it so, whose purse is strong.
A poore man struck, his cry hates rage doth threaten,
For crying then he must againe be beaten.
Poore men accus'd, though no offence be proued,
Hate is their meede, they are of none beloued.
Do euill, and then, Iustice will seaze on thee,
Do well, and then, thou shalt contempned bee.
From good desert, *Enuy* reward is stealing,
Trust, wanting truth, doth vse perfidious dealing.
Like *Perfinies* fish, let poore men swimme or flie,
They haue no meanes, to shunne their misery.
A poore man whilst his greefe, woes passion weepeth,
Dispaire, the dore of his affliction keepeth.
A minde whose thoughts, no force nor danger feares,
Is forc't to weepe, his wife and childrens teares.

Vaine sighes, vaine teares, when want proclaimes griefe
The poore man knowes not vnto whom to goe. (woe,
Poore man, poore wife, poore children all reiected,
Apes, Parrets, Dogges, and Monkeys more respected.
The poore mans words plainely and truely tels,
He cannot finde, the place where Mercy dwels,
And yet he seekes, and hath a long time sought,
His labour hath his woes inlargement wrought.
For whilst he waites on time, best time obseruing,
Himselfe and his by want of food are sterue.
Those hands cannot, their Countries weale preserue,
Which in their Country must indure to sterue,
Hard world when loue to doe a thing most iust,
Shall cause the poore that wrong indure they must.
Iustice, loue, truth, and faith, all these are raced,
When things well done, must be with force disgraced,
When Law commands an action to be done,
Why should that act into vilde scandall runne,
If so the law and makers thereof must,
In cause of euill be iustly blamed first.
To King and State, a *Souldiers* honest loue,
Hath caus'de his heart, sad woes extreames to proue,
A *Souldiers* hand, halfe starv'd, and wanting might,
Shall for them both want force and power to fight.
No peace on earth, though seeming most secure,
Can well resolue, how long it shall indure.
When warres starv'd force, threatens a kingdoms land,
Best safetie then lines in the *Souldiers* hand,
In peace me thinkes, those men should not be sterued,
By whom the strength of peace, is best preserued.
If to respect time present barbarous be,
The time to come, should wisdomes eyes foresee.

All

All thoſe great nations which themſelues diſperſe,
Vpon the boſome of worlds vniuerſe.
For raſh attempts are not ſo much condemned,
As is that Ile, in which our ſelues are hemmed,
Proud witte, that is with ſelfe conceitment ſwolne,
Makes faſt the dore, when firſt the ſteed is ſtolne.
An after-wit, is counted Englands guiſe,
Aforehand lookes iudiciall wiſdomes eyes,
For gaine, men will their liues and country ſell,
A generall ſpoile, makes ſome to proſper well.
Our Corne that goes vnto corruptions friend,
May feed a ſtrength againſt our ſelues to bend.
We not reſpect although both heauen and earth,
Doe in their courſe foretell a threatned dearth.
As Dragons we our ſelues deſire to bite,
Our hands, our ſelues doe moſt vnkindly ſmite.
Warres weapons we vnto thoſe countries ſend,
Whoſe vſe at laſt will moſt our ſelues offend.
We haue no feare, our land no danger knowes,
Vntill it feeles the force of dangers blowes.
Britaine hath foes, who in their thoughts doe ſtriue,
How beſt they may our countries harme contriue.
But this I thinke, our fame ſhall thus be ſpred,
We may be beat, but neuer conquered.
I would to God our land may ſo prouide,
As we at firſt might kill preſumptions pride.
Peace ſmiles on vs, but view heauens motion well,
Combuſtious times doth *Sunne* and *Moone* foretell,
This yeares *Eclipſe*, a fatall period maketh,
And God thereby all earths foundation ſhaketh.
The *Planets* in their aſpects differ farre,
From former time by courſe *irregular*.

The *Crab*, and *Goate*, whose *Circles* doe deuide,
The ſweating Summer, from froſtie Winters tide.
Keepe ſtill the times, of auncient nomination,
But want the force, of wonted operation,
Ver, *Eaſtus*, *Autumnus*, *Hymen*, all growne ſtrange,
Seeme as they would, their ſeaſons each exchange.
Celeſtiall *fyers*, that round this world impale,
And ſhould from hence, corruptions dregs *exhale*.
Leaues them beneath, that noyſome peſtilence,
On earth, might fetch, materiall cauſe from thence.
When from the graue, corruptions ſlime doth ſoake,
Mantling the earth, in clouds of ſtincking ſmoake.
Deuouring creatures in that fogge ſhall breed,
Earths breſt ſhall then, her children ſcarcely feed.
Corruption groſſe, thick, fatte ſad, ſlimie, ſlowe,
Shall by the Sunne, to a combuſtion growe.
Thoſe dreggs congeald; by ſteps to bugeneſſe creepes,
By *Ayery Orbes*, a wandring motion keepes.
Turning about, from place to place, their ſent,
Spreading themſelues, on earths vaſt continent.
Taking the *ſhapes*, from whence they firſt did grow,
In Ayerie formes like men and beaſts they ſhow.
When ſo they doe themſelues, with wonder ſpreed,
It tels, they ſtill expect on Death to feed.
Amidſt ſome plaine, ſo are thoſe *Meaſures* ſpred,
As were an *armie* there imbattelled.
And when they thus, on heapes together cluſter,
They ſummon men, vnto a generall muſter.
But humaine eyes amazde, cannot diſpence
With reaſons force, of Natures influence.
Involued heapes, growne once vnmeaſured great,
They ſtriue to riſe; againſt the Clowdes to beat.

Exhaled once, in rotten ſhowers doe fall,
Infectious drops, ſuch as men *Mill-dewes* call.
And then at laſt, in Midle-*Region* fed,
They are with force from thence exturbated.
And hauing climbde the vpper *Regions* hem,
To blazing fierie *Commets* tourned then.
For ſo our God by mightie wonder makes,
Prodigious fiers, threatning Kingdomes ſtates.
Then ſhall the vilde ones of this world diſpaire,
When they behold, ſuch *flames* amidſt the ayre.
A while beneath, thoſe *exhalations* ſtayes,
Which ſhortly will, foretell ſome dangerous dayes.
But not to build on humaine foolery,
I thus much ground on ſcriptures Propheeie.

EVen in the dayes when the ſeauenth *Angell* ſhould,
Begin to blow his *Trumpet*, then God would
His Miniſtrie accompliſhed ſhould be,
As to his Prophets before reueald had he.
The *Angell* hath, long time his *Trumpet* blowne,
Which to the world, worlds latter end hath ſhowne.
Before which time the worlds *Deceiuers* muſt,
By wraths fierce hand, be all in ſunder burſt.
And firſt falles he, with ſtroake of Yron rod,
Who in Gods Church, doth ſit as he were God.
With ſuttell craft, when he ſuſpects his fall,
By ſecret force, him ſelfe defend he ſhall.
When as gainſt him, a long feard power doth grow,
Such as before, the world could neuer ſhowe.
Then deſperate mad, his anger and his feare,
Againſt that power, a ſecret wrath ſhall beare.
To hell his hope, doth for aſſiſtance flie,
And then corrupt earths Princes ſectetly.

An hoast of tigers shal them selues combine,
With sauage hogges to spoyle the fruitefull vine.
And thinke from grapes to draw a bleding flood,
When in one night, shal raine a shower of blood.
A winter greene their somers hope doth make,
They thinke their force shal cause *Iones* Iland shake.
That downe they might heauens goulden Pallace rake,
A strenth shall rise from hells infernall lake.
The Leopard, the Wolfe, the Fox, all these,
Shall vnawares; vppon the Lyon sease.
The Lyon rowsd his foes shall soone be torne,
With him shall ioyne the princely Vnicorne.
And push the best with his all clensing horne,
And make him wish he neuer had bin borne.
Hells dogs shal thinke oare mountayne tops to clime,
But breake their necks before their wisht for time.
They ar mustering now of Sathans regiment,
Their plot is lay'd hope feeds their vild intent.

When time shall be into combustion thrown,
And falsehoods nurse to hostile actions growne.
Wars thunder then, when it shal shake the world,
People shal be into amasement whorld.
A scarlet horse shal stomble and fall downe,
And after him a triple hallowed crowne.
The beast whose legges of claye, and Irone, wrought,
Must be vnto a fearefull ruine brought.
Because Gods truth for to defile he sought,
[illegible] and his sea shall wast and come to nought.
His feat doeth shake and reele I see him falling,
The wounded monster, on the earth lies scrawling.

He gapes for breath, ſtrangled himſelfe he choakes,
About his eares, his painted Pallace ſmoakes.
Downe tumble muſt, that triple crowned whore,
Once falne, her fall not any ſhall deplore.
But thoſe that would her ſpotted garments weare,
Whoſe foreheads doe, the marke of *Dagon* beare.
The Champions all, which would the beſt maintaine,
Shall at his feete, by conquering ſwords be ſlaine.
Gog ouerthrowne, *Magog* ſhall thinke to come,
With fire and ſworde, through glorious Chriſtendome,
From *Euphrates*, and *Tygris*, then ſhal riſe,
A ſtrength, that will, our tyrants tyranniſe.
Arabians Gulfe, to *Percias Gulfe* ſhall flow,
From whence, a high reard ſoftly floud ſhall grow.
Whoſe Sea-like waues, from thence to *Fes* ſhall roule,
Downe tumbling all, that would their force controule.
Reuenge, and death, to warres alarums leades,
The *Eagles* laſt continued monſtrous heads.

The mountaine *VVolfes* frõ Chriſtian bounds cald hence,
Chriſtians then, by force ſhall driue them thence.
And Chriſtendome, whilſt God her peace doth ſhield,
Shall ſtriue aright, in her Gods houſe to build.
That ſhe may teach, the nations thus to ſay,
Her Chriſt is God, we will his lawes obay.
Our Biſhops then, the truth ſhall ratifie,
In order chiefe, not in authoritie,
And that Religion ſhall ſtand moſt beloued,
Whoſe rule is beſt by Scriptures truth approoued,
And for a *Iudge*, a Church finde out we can,
That knew the truth, before the *Pope* began.

Then shall the Church be built on *Peters* faith,
And that beleeue, which holy Scripture saith.
Then shall Gods Church her strength and glory see,
When Christ alone, her corner stone shall be.
Aboue Gods word, shall then be raisde no head,
By Christ their Sheapheard, shall his flock be lead.
Such *Vnion* shall the *Northren Prince* continue,
As Christians shall no more with Christians striue.
Then Christendome, shall all her power bestow,
By force to worke the *Pagans* ouerthrow.
All Christian Princes, will themselues protect,
As shall the *Northren Prince* their course direct.
And now me thinkes, I see a glorious sight,
A Christian *Armie*, shining wondrous bright,
Matching in warres *Bateliaes* fit for fight,
In the defence of their *Redeemers* right.
The *Northren* Emperour, doth the red crosse beare,
To whose command, the armie craues to sweare.
With *Pagans* bloud, their warlike weapons staines,
Bohemian fields, and faire *Hungarian* plaines.
Whilst *Esau*, *Ismael*, and the cursed seed,
Doe striue to make each others breast to bleed.
Working that worke, for which they were compounded,
That each by other, may be with warre confounded.
The *Emperour* of the *North*, that Prince of fame,
Brings Christendome into her wonted frame.
And all that did vnto that Empire bend,
At last shall back, vnto that state descend.
Empires, and Kingdomes, shall at once recoile,
And bend their strength, to worke their spoilers spoile.
Those lockt vp Deuils, in wildest *Mountaines* bred,
Whom Christian hands, from thence deliuered;

To whom at first, the *Sarazens* gaue pay,
By whom at last, themselues destroyed were they:
By all that strength, which hath their wrong indur'd,
Shall be at last their rac'd out name procur'd.
Sara, and *Ketura*, shall a conquest winne,
Of whom there is a mightie power vnseene.
And then once more, in pompe of Empire sweis,
Those that are calde *Religious Infidels*.
Before they doe the sacred truth retaine,
Mongst them is *Enoch* and *Elias* slaine.
From forth the *North*, a *Lyons* voyce shall rore,
And make them then, the murthered dead deplore.
The doctrine which they raught, once calde to minde,
Shall Heathens teach, the way heauens path to finde.
Old *Magog* then new built, his name shall loose,
And for his God, the God of Gods shall choose.
The *Northren Empire*, shall to him disclose,
That *Truth*, gainst which he did himselfe oppose.
The *Persians* shall the Christians kindly greet,
When both their Armies, shall with conquest meet.
Mount *Harmons dew*, that sweetly then distils,
From off the tops of faire *Arabian* hils:
Shall fall on them, of *Abrahams* line the race,
Though yet vnseene, by faith the seeds of grace.
Then hungrie *Dogges*, no more a stray shall wander,
Iudeas race, shall finde the Bridegromes chamber.
Time takes in hand, to worke this wonder great,
A *Northren blast*, must coole the *Sothern* heate.
For of the Princes that shall worke this thing,
The worthiest power, from forth the *North* shall spring,
A Potent Prince, a strong and powerfull King,
His famous deeds, through all the world shall ring.

It is eſtabliſht, and his *Throne* ſhall ſtand,
Whoſe force ſhall take a wondrous worke in hand.
In his bleſt *Lawe* triumphant glory goes,
With glorious *Race* of conquering *Emperours*.
This is the *winde*, and *Lion* of the wood,
From whom a moſt *Emperiall* ſtrength ſhall bud.
And to the *Eagle*, in wrathes fiers fury ſpeake,
And al his winges, and Feathers, peecemeale breake.
The Heathens he, at iudgments bar ſhall ſet,
And make them know the power gainſt which they fret.
He ſhall the land from *Paganiſme* deliuer,
And waſh heauens flock, in faith's ſaluations riuer.
He ſhall the earth, with heauenly grace refreſh,
And vnto her, heauens lawes with truth expreſſe.
The foes whereof he ſhall with force deſtroy,
And turne earths bondage into freedomes ioye.
Set free her hope, ſhall waite on that ſaluation,
whoſe mercies iudgment, layed her firſt foundation.
This *Royall line*, the whole continuance, ſummes,
Of all the yeares vntill great *Shilo* comes.
God ſhortly will the buſineſſe vndertake,
For which he doeth the *Northen Empier* make.
Vpon his head, ſtands an *Emperiall Crowne*,
Whoſe *Monarchy* ſhall throw *Romes Empire* downe.
Fooles though they brag, their cloud of earths eluſion,
Both muſt, and ſhall, come to a tac't confuſion.
And that eare long, time doeth a courſe beginne,
Whereby conſum'd ſhall be, worlds ſinke of ſinne.
This happen ſhall, and when theſe ſignes appeare,
Know then the day of iudgment draweth neere.
Be I excuſ'd, and not condempn'd of men,
No deuill-borne *Merline*, doth direct my pen.

Vnto

Vnto an end time doth each creature drive,
From holy writ do I these words derive.
This rotten age, pointing at worlds decay,
But well obserud, doth wondrous things bewray.
Both heauen, and earth, mankind so loades with sinne,
They pray heauens God, he would their rest beginne.
And set them in that state wherein they stood,
When God made all, and said all things were good.

Of time to come, what meanes my pen to write?
Whom present time, holdes in such base despight.
In spight of time, and times vnkind despising,
My time shalbe, my countries good deuising.
The times abuse, let time to come, amend
For trifles, let not time with, truth contend,
A vnion, and a vniforme conclude,
Oh let no shadowes, this happiest time delude.
Vnto the Church, a glorious time is sent,
Things now decreed, must be worlds president,
Let then this time, foresee with iudgements sight,
By sacred lawe, to rule all actions right.
Time must suppresse all such vntimely fruit,
As doth it selfe in *Scisme* and *Faction* suite.
Condemne not those, either of *Scisme*, or *Faction*,
Whose liues are giuen to euery godly action.
Let goodmen vse wise wisdomes sound aduise,
Least causelesse feare, makes them vnwisely nice,
Who so their wills, before their wit prefertre,
By wilfulnes, may most vnwisely erre.
Indifferent things, not hindring good deuotion,
Wise men for them, should raise no vaine commotion.

No

No true Church can her glory dignifie,
Whose power Commands gainst written veritie.
Wee may obserue, what ere the wrangler saith,
Rules that are held within the list of faith,
True faith in which saluations strength is found,
It must it selfe, vpon the scriptures ground.
Things done which doe not hinder faiths beleife?
Why should they seeme to worke Religions greife?
Me thinkes we doe vnto religion wrong,
By seeming weeke, when faith should make vs strong.
Foxes, dumbe doggs, let no man them prefer,
Nor such as those, that too contentious are.
Let not diuines like phisick doctors be,
The more the worse, and most lack honestie.
Nor let our hope vpon this motion rest,
To keepe the worst and cast away the best.
Those trifles which doe now disturbe our peace,
Could men be wise, they of themselues would cease.
The consort of a lawfull ministrie,
Must be on earth heauens sweetest harmonie.
Oh let them then, that doe Gods vineyard keepe,
Watch, preach, and pray, and not like sluggards sleepe.
Paul shau'd his head, and did thereby intend,
His course might not his brethren weake offend.
Ioyne in on truth, with blessed vnitie,
Great Britaines fame adorne and beautifie.
Feare not, but know, for it is Albions dome,
Her kings shall neuer yeeld their Crowne to Rome.
Then let heauens flock, with patient soules abide,
Although like gold, they must be seauen times tri'de.
When God doth meane to scourge a land for sinne,
At his owne house the blow must first beginne.

Who

Who ſo will be, the glorious *Bridegromes Bride*,
Muſt in afflictions flames be purified.
The path to glory, is no pleaſant way,
Take vp thy croſſe, and ſeeke eternall ioy.
Whilſt Preachers preach, of Chriſt his ſacred deitie,
Where are the deeds of Mercy, Loue, and Piety?
Where are the fruites, Religion ſhould bring forth?
When Saint-like ſhew, vngodly actions doth.
Our ſeeming zeale doth this report preferre,
We ſcornefull, proud, and meerely faithleſſe are.
A ſeeming friend, will friendſhips name delude,
And ſtaine himſelfe with hels ingratitude.
One by his friend, both raiſde to wealth and credit,
His thankes ſhall be, to cut his throat that did it.
Let but a muck-heape, poſſeſſe great heapes of gould,
And Honour then, ſhall be by him contrould.
Each witleſſe peaſant, by his wealth made proud,
Thinkes he talkes well, and if he ſpeakes but lowd.
A ſeruile minde, his hopes at loweſt ebbe,
Worſhips, as God, the golden Calfe in *Horeb*.
Though by the poore, the rich are honoured,
Yet by the rich, the poore may ſtatue vnſed.
Our lameneſſe muſt, with skilfull Arte be dreſſed,
So out of ioynt are all our actions wreſted.

Great *Britaine* know, a time will come to thee,
In which thy ſinne, ſhall ſharply puniſht bee.
Therefore repent, leaſt iudgements follow faſt,
Firſt plague, then dearth, and vſe of ſwords at laſt.
Be reconcilde, though God will not abhorre thee,
Yet he prepares an angrie iudgement for thee.
Thy pride, and proud contempt of Gods pure word,
Makes Heauen gainſt thee, to draw a wrathfull ſword.

Thy

Thy whordoms luſt, and drunkards blaſphemie,
Extortion, bribes, and hateſull vſurie,
Lyes, fraud, deceipt, and poores oppreſſion,
Slowneſſe to good, from God thy ſwift digreſsion,
Will bring on thee a wrath to plague thee ſo,
As thou ſhalt groane, with ſenſe of feeling woe.
With ſeeming Saints, the time not temporize,
A broken heart to God is ſacrifice.
Wraths fury feares, ſhall whip thee for thy ſinne,
Vnleſſe thou doeſt for to repent begin.
Such iudgments doe, gainſt thee themſelues aſſemble,
As were they ſeene, would make hels Ruffins tremble.
Heauens gracious God, be pleaſde for thine elect,
Faire *Albions* good, with ſafetie to protect,
Direct vs ſo, that we to thee may turne,
That then gainſt vs thy wrath may ceaſe to burne.
The ſwarmes ſent from the Antechriſtian beaſt,
Confound them Lord, let them in no place reſt.
And thoſe by whom, our harme is yet concealed,
In thy good time, be all their plottes reuealed.
Great *Britaine*, doe thou not deſpaire, but mourne.
In ſorrow, let repentant robes be worne,
That when thou fightſt for thy Redeemers name,
Thy deeds in warre, may dignifie thy fame.
From forreine coaſts, the thing which moſt thee harmes,
Is Englands Armour, wanting Engliſh armes.
And Engliſh-men from vſe of warre exempt,
Are oft prou'd cowards in the firſt attempt.
A *Souldiers* name, though now it be refuſed,
A time will come, when *Souldiers* muſt be vſed.
Not euery one that beares a *Souldiers* name,
If rightly tride, will be approued the ſame.

It is not he, that drinkes ſicke healths, and ſweares,
That in a *Tauerne*, proudly ſwagger dares,
Nor he that doth, a miſſed Miſtreſſe keepe,
And vowes for her, his ſword in bloud to ſteepe.
Nor he that feareth, neither God nor diuell,
Whoſe daily actions, are the worſt of euill.
He is no *Souldier*, that wanteth vertues ſtay,
Who loues to make a deſperate drunken fray.
That is no valour, nor reſolution right,
That vainely will for worthleſſe trifles fight.
But they doe beſt, a *Souldiers* name approue,
Who wiſely doe their reputation loue,
Be he a *Souldier*, worthy praiſe to winne,
Who feares his God, and hates the deeds of ſinne.
He whoſe *body* and *ſtomack* can diſgeſt,
Heat, colde, hunger, thirſt, much paines, and little reſt.
He that can well imbattell ſoone his men,
And knows in clouds of ſmoake to skirmiſh then.
He that leads on, and with diſcretion leads,
And leaſt diſmaide, when moſt in bloud he treads.
He that when thouſands, doe with thouſands fight,
By word, or ſigne, can giue directions right.
He that ſo can, both charge and make retraite,
As *Honour* ſtill vpon his ſteps ſhall waight.
That *Fortitude*, ioynd with ſound iudgments ſenſe,
Is wrought of more, then natures quinteſſence.
Thoſe *Souldiers* are of greateſt excellence,
Whoſe liues and deaths, haue honours recompence.
A poore man, if a *Souldier* rightly tride,
King *Harry* would haue plac'd him by his ſide.
Thoſe ſpirits which are fit for warre eſteem'd,
Amongſt the beſt, be they the worthieſt deem'd.

Be they imbrac'd with loues reſpectiue arme,
Whoſe hands know how to ſhield our peace frō harme.
I doe not wiſh; but doubt warres ratling drumme,
Ere long to armes will ſummon Chriſtendome.
The Red-croſſe though it may ſome times retire,
At laſt his fame ſhall to the heauens aſpire.
Great *Britaine* ſo, is by Gods hand inſtal'd,
As it ſhall be the land of conqueſt cal'd.

But now to eaſe a poore mans grieued minde,
In things aboue, my ſight ſhall comfort finde.
I know the time, when I poore wretch reiected,
Shall as the beſt, be no whit leſſe reſpected.
When Kings, and Queenes of greateſt excellence,
Twixt them, and me, ſhall be no difference.
And there dwels *Mercy*, Oh there a *Sauiour* liueth,
That to the poore, ſaluations comfort giueth.
Not many Kings, nor Queenes, nor Nobles ſhall,
Triumph before heauens throne maieſticall.
But thoſe that in this world their heauen doe make,
Shall in that world, before Gods iudgment ſhake.
The beautie which on earth no praiſe doth lack,
Maskt vp in ſhame, hels fulphure ſmoake, makes black.
The ſnowe white hand, moyſt, ſoft, foule ſinnes deſire,
Shall burne in lake of hels eternall fire.
where diuels, mēs ſoules, with fiery darts ſtrikes thorow,
And in their iawes, like dogges, they them ſhall worow.
Where God doth ſo his angers iudgment frame,
As that his wrath ſhall blow, hels endleſſe flame.
Euer, Euer, oh fearefull word, for euer,
Where plagues encreaſe, but ſhall be ended neuer.

Where torment brings torments, with freſh ſupplie,
Where dying ſoules doe liue, but neuer dye.
And ther's the place, where earths proud dignitie,
Shall plunge it ſelfe in endleſſe miſery.

But happie thoſe, whoſe ſoules by grace made pure,
Exempt from wrath, ſhall no ſuch plagues indure.
And moſt of them poore ſoules, ſcornd and diſgrac'd,
Are thoſe that ſhall with God and Chriſt be plac'd.
When moſt on earth, the poore deſpiſde doe ſtand,
It doth preſage Chriſts comming neere at hand.
Deiected, baſe, and out-caſt pouertie,
Reioyce, triumph, in *Mercies* clemencie.
You are heauens flock, a *Shepheard* doth you keepe,
Who of his number will not looſe a ſheepe.

Thus hath my ſigh, an honeſt paſſion breathed,
And of my woes, a weeping garland wreathed.
My ſighes, my teares, my woes, my griefes lament,
My plaints, my groanes, all fruites of diſcontent
Doe not themſelues, vpon one ſubſtance feed,
A generall doubt, makes heart and ſoule to bleed.
A generall euill, a land to vildeneſſe bent,
Muſt needs expect ſome fearefull puniſhment.
Of preſent time, the things deſired heere,
Time proones my words, and makes the truth appeere,
Of time to come, I humbly doe auowe,
Experience ſhall my words for truth allowe.
Search but the Story of that writte diuine,
And vnderſtand the change of euery time.
Fiue hundred, fiftie two yeares coumpted was,
A period whole, which euer brought to paſſe,

Strange alterations, both in Church and State,
Kings, Kingdomes then, did ſtriue to ruinate.
Temples were rac'te, Religion cleane deſpiſde,
Tyrants by force of ſword, new lawes deuiſde.
And now the time doth on ſuch period ſtand,
As if it meant to take like courſe in hand.
Do but obſerue, each *Cœleſtiall ſphœare*,
And ſee what ſignes doe in their courſe appeare.
Compare the time, with antedated times,
And vnderſtand the Heauens true ſpeaking ſignes.
Then will you not theſe lines of mine deride,
Nor ſmother them, with ſmoake of ſcornfull pride.
A *Souldiers* writing, like his fighting is,
His courſe no: knowes, how dangers rockes to miſſe.
Thoſe Pens doe moſt, their hopes in peeces batter,
That cannot beſt with oyled ſmoothneſſe flatter.
A *Souldiers* name, ſtriue not for to diſgrace,
Poore ſhould not be accompted vildely baſe,
And that I may not from the truth digreſſe,
My humble lines, ſhall thus my ſtate expreſſe.
The Souldier which doth ſcorne the lye to take,
Should ſcorne as much himſelfe the lye to make.
The open fields, to me is made my bed,
A bancke of earth, a pillow for my head.
In ſhadie groues, and ſollitary places,
My ſteps doe make their ſorrowes mournfull traces.
Impriſonment, woes wofull habitation,
Hath forc't my *Muſe*, to ſecret contemplation.
In winter nights, when I a Souldier was,
Alone my Muſe, ſhould priuate motions toſſe.
When in the warre, I warres attire did beare,
My bookes to me, moſt kinde companions were.

And some sad houres, on *skie-borne* bookes I read,
Amongst the *starres*, an humble path I tread.
And see the great, and strange *Coniunctions* there,
Of angrie, *Saturne*, *Mars*, and *Iupiter*.
Since first the Planets disclosde their variation,
Saturne neer had more Lord-like domination.
What it foretels, my weary Muse forgets,
In *Dragons taile*, when strange *Coniunction* sets.
His name stands rouled in perdinious booke,
Whose taile from heaue, of starres the third part strooke.
Vnder the *Dragons taile*, is fixed fast,
A strength that shall, *him* and his *taile* downe cast.
Mankinde, the starres that *Heauen* should beautifie,
Shall be vpreard, with glorious dignitie.
Though obseruation rightly may collect,
The iudgment of some retrograde aspect:
Yet Christ, our King and kingdomes hath possessed,
With that wherein our selues, and world, is blessed.
Though *Leos* house hath such reflection glided,
As tels there is, some wondrous thing prouided.
I leaue to write, and will conceit the rest,
Our land shall still by Gods great loue be blest.
A constant faith, true resolution proues,
Feares not what vnder the first *mouer* moues.
And in this thought I see with humble eye,
The mighty worke of *Prima mobilis*.
And know the world, in fiery flames shall burne,
Before he doth, to his first point returne.
For Heauen and earth, by fire once purgd, then sure,
They shall remaine, as they at first were pure.
When God the world, to iudgement summon will,
That first great mouer, keepes his motion still.

Whoſe ſlow pace round, doth roundly comprehend,
Thoſe leſſer *Orbes*, that vnder him doe wend.
In order each, his fixed iourney takes,
And in their turnes, celeſtiall muſicke makes.
And then I thinke of that moſt happie time,
When I ſhall heare their dulſine heauenly chime.
Aboue them all, faiths eyes through *Bethelem*,
Beholds the glory, of new *Ieruſalem*.
Where ſits vpon a *Throane maieſticall*,
The mightie maker of this wondrous all.
When thether once my ioyfull thoughts are ſent,
I am amazde with wonders rauiſhment.
Nor tongues, nor Pens, nor *Angels* can expreſſe,
The glory of that glorious happineſſe.
From thence to *Luna*, not any *Orbe* to miſſe,
I cannot finde, where *Purgatorie* is.
So that I thinke, it ſure remaineth yet,
Within their bellies that deuiſed it.
And thoſe that would attaine to heauens great ioy,
Muſt leaue bye-pathes, and finde in Chriſt their way.
But for the *Starres*, I creatures them account,
Aboue them all, their makers power muſt mount.
And by their influence, more I will not learne,
Then Rules *diuine*, ſhall teach me to diſcearne.
And in that courſe, men ſometimes are befriended,
Of thoſe pure fiers, by whom they are attended.
God euer yet, by ſignes and viſions told,
So as worlds change, worlds worldlings might behold.
But cloddes of clay, becauſe they will not greeue,
This courſe they take, to heare, but not beleeue,
To geſſe, to ſpeake, to iudge, great ſtates to touch,
For me poore ſoule, it is a ſtrength too much.
Who ſo doth tel what things themſelues doe ſhow,

May doubt his words wil too presumptuous growe.

FVll twenty times, nights Bride her selfe hath chaung'd,
Since from my former worke, my muse estraung'd.
Her grieued thoughts, my owne estate to viewe,
Still being fed, with wormewood, gall, and rue.
And now though wrapt in foldes of mournefull care,
I am rowsde vp, some part with them to beate.
Which doe reioyce, as theirs, so is my ioy,
That God is pleasd hells actions to destroye.
And now my muse in more then wonder wrapt,
Will speake of what, since first thee writ hath hapt.
Two nights before the night of Englands wrack,
Such greifes themselues vpon my breast did pack;
That from woes Cowch I rose alone to walke,
And with my selfe, of my sad fate to talke.
For when daies light vpon my face should shine,
I knew those wants, would nip both me and mine.
No sooner vp, and forth my chamber stept,
But straight my thoughts into amasement lept.
For round about, I saw so cleere a light,
As that I thought, it rather daie then night.
And well I knew that *Luna* then did plesse,
To shew her selfe to the *Antipedes*.
And when aloft I did survey the skie,
There was no starres that any man could spie.
To search the cause resolu'd of my intent,
I walkt abroade to view the Element.
A tossing winde, whorl'd round the earth below,
as from earths wombe, some tombling noyse did growe.
Said I, such noyse as this, is said of some,
For to foretell an Earth-quake nere to come.
And looking vp, a generall seeing flame,
With burning streames, bemantled all heavens frame.

That

That from one part did not arise lights beames,
But heauen was Cloath'd, with vniuersall streames.
Amids the Ayre, I might sometimes espie,
The flashing flames vnto a roundnes flye.
And then dispierce themselues immediatly,
The world ore spreeding with a burning Cannopie.
When thus I saw sent from the fiery spheare,
Such burning streames and flashing flames so cleere.
Said I, this truth doth on these signes depend,
Doubtles the world is neere vnto her end.
And then I thought, that such despisde as I,
With ioy should haue, an end of miserie.
Thus hauing view'd till eyes all dazled were,
My reeling steps, my dusfie braines did beare,
To sorrows cell, the Caue of former Care,
Vnto my selfe I did my woes declare.

From *Sol*, to *Mars*, with vsuall attribute,
Foure times *Aurora* in her Crimson sute.
Had bid god morrow to her friendes beneath,
Whilest all this time, my griefe (woes sighs) did breath,
And then my minde, griefes danger to eschue,
For solace went *Gorguntus* walles to viewe.
Abroad, my steps, had me no sooner brought,
But straight my eares had such a rumour caught,
As made me start, and in a maze to wonder,
How hell deuisde, to rend the world in sounder.
A treason no, A deuill-borne fiery rage,
A worke nere thought of in precedent age.
A Sauage wrath, whose like nere staynd a storie,
Should haue destroyd the heauen of *Britons* glory.

Its true in warre, that ſouldiers not refuſe,
Againſt their foes, the like deuiſe to vſe.
But in a kingdome, by ſubiects to their King,
The world till now, nere heard ſo vilde a thing,
The name of England, with dateleſſe infamie,
Had ſtood ingrauen to worldes poſtetitie.
Breeder of Deuills ſo fit for villany,
As at one blow, could ſack a monarchie.
The whore, whoſe lawes, allowes ſuch deedes of horror,
Let heauen, and earth, and all the world abhorre her.

The Proiect of theſe trayterous homycites,
A booke at large to euery mind recites.
And though I would, I dare not ſpeake no more,
Of Treaſon plotts, then hath beene ſpoke before.
But now I ſee, the night that I admyred,
Foretold the flame, that ſhould the world haue fiered.
And yet the generall of heauens fiery warre,
Included more then on particular.
Oh if that God for Englands ſinne had pleaſd,
That horred act, on king and ſtate had ſeazd.
Great Britons breaſt had now beene drownd in blood,
Rac'd, ſackt, and ſpoyl'd, bereft of euery good.
Theft, murther, Rape, and euery act of hell,
Had built their houſe on Englands face to dwell.
The ſpoile of man, of humane race the ſhame,
Would haue rac'd out all humane vertues name.
Vilde diſſolutes, prophane, and inſolent,
Like Tirants would haue wrong'd the innocent.
A Goathian Atmye, amongſt our ſelues maintain'd,
Would the, with blood, our townes & ſtreets haue ſtain'd.
Our lawes of God, our lawes of man ſhould then,
haue bene of force, to gouerne faithles men.

The rich mans wealth, ſhould not his owne haue beene,
But made a ſpoile vnto the hands of ſinne.
Faire London then, her glorious pompe and ſtate,
The vildeſt hands, would vildely ruinate.
Young maides, and wiues, of feature excellent,
Had beene abuſde by brutiſh rauiſhment.
Beautie moſt rare, if it continued chaſte,
Had then vnto luxurious armes beene caſt.
The courtly nimphes, faire, wiſe, and trimly gay,
That could not but with ſilkes and veluets play.
Whoſe maskt vp cheekes, from winde & ſunne are fled,
All freſh to keepe their artificiall red.
There beauties ſheild (white breaſts) ſcarce paper proofe,
Muſt then haue tumbled with ſome ruder ſtuffe.
With correſpondēce, rude armes beſmeer'd with greace
Should haue imbrac'd a painted ſluttiſhneſſe,
And they perhaps, reſolu'd in miſerie,
Would ſmile, at that their leaſt calamitie.
But mindes refin'd, of pureſt ſubſtance fram'd,
Such as on earth, may be heauens *Angels* nam'd.
Whoſe beauties no adulterate deeds haue ſtaind,
But ſpotleſſe, they haue truly chaſte remainde.
That *Angell* number, with hels rage ore ſpred,
That *Heauens* impreſſion vildely rauiſhed.
Oh what a terror ſhould their hearts haue felt,
When vilde ones would, with them haue vildely delt.
Euill to ſuppreſſe, when *Iuſtice* ſturd had beene,
Then bloud and murther, had mainteind hels ſinne.
The ſtrength which makes the magiſtrate moſt ſtrong,
And giues him warrant to ſuppreſſe each wrong.
The name which doth vnto the lawes giue force,
Had hence bene ſnatcht, if hell had held his courſe.

In

In vayne should then the officers haue said,
In the Kings name wee charge, lets be obeyd.
In the Queenes name then if iustice out should crye,
Hells howndes had said, she with the king should die.
Prince *Henryes* name, if iustice should haue tried,
Sweete Prince he should, with King & Queene haue died.
If to the Duke of *Yorke*, our hopes had fled,
Doubtles hells hands, would him haue murthered.
Should iustice then vnto the Princesse flie,
She had beene seidze by traytors tyranny.
The honor'd Councell, might help the iust to saue,
For King, Queene, Prince, & them, was made one graue.
Then to the Lords, and Bishops of the land,
They with the rest had dyed by treasons hand.
Should in the Iudges then our hope haue ioyed?
They with the rest, had beene at once destroyed.
From knights and burgesses, if safeties hope distilld,
They with the rest a sulpher flame had kilde.
With bibles then, should faithfull preachers presse,
And breath forth, iudgments gainst sinnes wickednes.
And saie, Behold, heauens indignation feare,
This booke of God, doth Gods fierce wrath declare.
The rage which should, from Romishe flames haue fum'd,
Would quickly haue them and their books consum'd.
Oh then of whom should iustice help require,
All these Consum'd by flame of ruthles fire.
No age makes record, of so foule a sinne,
Since god did first to frame this world begyn.
Doomes day to England, now bin threatned hath,
Ore which heauens God hath shakte his hand of wrath.
Oh may our deedes his mercy so Commend,
As still his grace, may Britons Ile defend.

But now behold, the fruites of *Romish* faith,
And know for truth, what *Popish* doctrine saith.
Of binding, and of loosing, *Popes* haue got,
A strength, which knittes of euery euill the knot.
And makes *damnation* seeme *saluation* sure,
If so thereby Rome may her gaine procure.
What most she craues, is euery course to take,
How best she may her selfe, worlds *Monarch* make.
The *Pope* that saith himselfe, *worlds God* to be,
Speakes truth, for so's the deuill aswell as he.
But *Pope* from *Peter* doth deriue his race,
And saith, to him belongs the keyes of grace.
And he Christs vicar, of all Gods church the head,
Must be supreame, all Kings his frowne must dread.
With any oath, he can at large dispence,
And at his pleasure, pardon each offence.
Aboue Gods word, he doth himselfe auow,
And his construction, must the world allow.
True Christians, they onely his doctrine likes,
And all the rest are damned Heretikes.
Gainst this, the *Lyon* of the Tribe of *Iuda* cries,
And tels the Pope, that like a diuell he lyes.
But still the Pope will keepe heauens golden gate,
And doth from thence, Kings excomunicate.
No King on earth, must haue his name inrold.
Vnlesse that first on him his Crowne he hold.
And al the world, that on his sea not dwels,
Are *Ethnicks*, *Pagans*, faithlesse *Infidels*.
Those that not grow vpon his stock intire,
Are branches wilde, fit for destructions fire.
Such hath he power, to any death to put,
And from lifes tree, those sapplesse twigs to cut.

With-

Without the Church, as *Iewes* and *Turkes* they be,
That will not yeeld to his supremacie.
And Popish *Romaines*, they are taught to know,
It lawfull is to worke their ouerthrow.
That will not yeeld obedience to the Pope,
In whose behalfe is giuen so large a scope,
That Traytors doe for heauenly merite hope,
Though thence the deuill doth pluck them in a Rope.
If for *Romes* sake, they kill their lawfull King,
Bald iades for them, shall trotting trentalls sing.
And they, because so vilde a deede they did,
For *Saints* at *Rome* shall be canonized.
The Pope such power vnto himselfe doth take,
As he, a diuell, a Saint, can quickly make.

Heere briefely see, the power of *Rome* set downe,
Aboue the world, himselfe, himselfe doth crowne,
Aboue Gods word, and sacred Lawes diuine,
The monsters proud, ambitious steps doe clime.
And from his seate of blasphemie hath flowne,
The fire that should haue King and Realmes vp blowne.
Villaines that would the world in sunder riue,
Say for Religions sake, they did contriue
That damned plot: oh hellish insolence!
When deuils will make Religion euils defence.
The actors in a worke more then Tyrannicall,
They did themselues, their countries purgers call.
In all they did, meerely their countries loue,
Did them vnto the vildest actions moue.
They would not leaue her, but like Champions stand,
Till they from bondage, had freed their native land.
They but resolu'd to be most mercileſſe,
To free the Catholicks from their long distresse.

From desperate times disease, euils strength to loose,
They were inforc'd a desperate salue to choose.
The worst of euill, was best in their esteeme,
From worse then euill, their countrie to redeeme.
The Pope might them, for faithfull Christians take,
When what they did, was for religions sake.
Their plot found out, the very place to sack, (wrack.
Where all the lawes were made, that wrought their
And this conceit in them, a hope prefers,
They should be thought, Gods iustice ministers.
These Realmes with Rome, in vnion to vnite,
Was all the cause, for which their hopes did fight.
For Romes auaile, and for the Church her good,
King & Kingdomes, they would haue drownd in blood,
For these good deedes, whatsoeuer did befall,
Saints at the least, the Pope would make them all.

Now see their worke, and cause, for which they wrought
And iudge how well, Rome hath her children taught.
Their euill to doe, they were so confident,
As to performe't, they tooke the *Sacrament*.
Christs *Royall* body, substanciall flesh and blood,
They say, they eate and dranke, and thereby stood;
Bound to performe the euill which they intended,
Oh then, how farre should be their faith commended?

Here doth my *Muse* want words, my thoughts to speake,
And doth into a strange admirement breake.
Oh God, how durst these men Sathanicall,
Imbru'de in bloud, with hearts Tytannicall,
Made blacke with treason, gainst Gods annointed King,
Themselues before heauens *Iesus Christ* to bring.

And

And though from bread, they can him not deuide,
Yet in the ſigne he's repreſentatiue.
And bread not chang'd, yet holy ſcripture ſaith,
By it we feed, on *Iesus Chriſt* by faith.
Not to diſpute, but ſay as they accoumpt,
Into what height, doe their preſumption mount.
When as a wretch, before his *God* ſhall ſtand,
And thinke he holdes his *Maker* in his hand.
And yet with ſoule all ſtain'd, as black as hell,
Euen at that inſtant, doth in damnation dwell.
And records God, and in him all the Trinitie,
To be the witneſſe of his hell-borne villanie.
And ſweares by them, with deſperate hand to act,
The vildeneſſe, of the very vildeſt fact.
And thus reſolu'd, his Sauiour vp he eates,
So arm'd in proofe, a *King* and *State* he threates.
Oh fearefull thing, the ſeale of mans ſaluation,
Seales vp to them, aſſured condemnation.
Yet they ſo blinde, in faithleſſe hopes doe truſt,
And thinke thereby, their vildeſt actions iuſt.
Heere ſee the ſtrong deluſion that ſhould mocke,
The race, caſt from the number of Chriſts flocke.
Heere ſee the cup of worlds abhominations,
And know the whore, that breaths forth execrations
Againſt heauens throne, the Lambe, and all his Saints,
And yet ſhe ſo, her damned vildeneſſe paints,
As that ſhe ſeemes of holineſſe the ſeate,
But God for her, hath laid vp iudgments great.
She, and her pack, that had our fall compounded,
Shall be ere long, by Gods fierce wrath confounded.
And they that did for vs one flame deſire,
God hath for them, prepar'd an endleſſe fire.

Now

NOw would my Muſe deſire to expreſſe,
In vildeſt euill, falſe traytors readineſſe.
Catesbie, ſo ſoone as he did *Winter* mooue,
Conſent ſtraight ioynd, the worſt of euill to proue.
There needed no perſwaſion to be vſde,
Hels motion was at firſt, not once refuſde.
What courſe ſo ere, hell could to him propound,
His liues aduenture, he thereon would ground.
So all the reſt, with ſelfe-ſame ſwiftneſſe ranne,
To worke an euill, the like nere wrought by man.
Their labour then, their care, and diligence,
Their watchfull heed, their bountie, and expence,
Their deſperate and reſolued confidence:
Till death, to fight gainſt heauen, in hels defence:
Approues what power, the deuill doth beare in thoſe,
That ſerue his will, and to his Aulters goes.

In England now, what courſe the Pope doth take,
His Champions proud, ſo fit for hell to make,
Let me ſet forth; that euery one may ſpie,
The cunning worke of Romes arch-villany.
For Romes auaile, are built beyond the Seas,
(As Chriſtian deedes) ſome ſtately Colledges.
And they are giuen in charitie, to bring
Vp thoſe, that will Romes Maſſes learne to ſing.
Children there taught, the rules of Popery,
Are learnd to know proud Romes ſupremacie.
Their teachers largely, doe to them expreſſe,
How much they owe, to Romes S calld holineſſe.
And that their liues, loſt in the Popes behoofe,
Confirmes the truth of theſe religious proofe.
If for Romes good, to ſhamefull death they come,
It crownes them with, a glorious martirdome.

Who

Who yeeldes not to Romes lawes are only those,
Which they muſt know on earth to be Gods foes.
Their parents, if they ſhall Romes Pope diſpleaſe,
It's lawfull for them, on their liues to ſeaze.
To any Prince they are no ſubiect helde,
That dares deny, vnto Romes ſea to yeelde.
For Rome, If ſubiects their lawfull ſoueraigne kill,
Romes lawes affirme, that they Gods lawes fulfill.
Vnto the Church a benefite to bring,
Each euill is made a ſanctimonious thing.
When thus they are inſtructed, then I hope,
They may become, fit ſeruants for the Pope.
Then taking oath in vildeſt euills to trade,
They are indeede ſubſtanciall villaines made.
And thus thoſe ſchooles, the Popes beſt charitie,
Are made the nurſe of treaſons treacherie.
Thether oft goes our Englands Papall youthes,
To read the volumes of the Popes vntruthes.
To ſtudie there, doe idle wits deuiſe,
Where legions are, of vpreard mountaine lies.
Logician like, who beſt can lies mayntaine,
Can beſt vphold Romes blood red ſcarlet traine. (riſh,
There in thoſe ſchooles, Rome doth thoſe ſchollers che-
By whome he hopes to make gods kingdome periſh.
From forth thoſe lakes, as from a ſtigian gulfe,
To England comes each hell-borne Romane woolfe.
Of our owne people, doe thoſe ſchooles begett,
A viperous ſwarme, for vildeſt treaſons fit.
Seminaryes, the children of perdition,
Thence bring to vs Romes Popiſh ſuperſtition.
With him he brings authoritie to beare,
All ſhapes, and formes, and may each faſhion weare.

Sometimes like clownes, sometimes like ruffins braue,
Sometimes like courtiers sometimes like lawyers graue.
Like Farmors, Citizens, or like a seruing man,
Like glassemen, tinkers, or like foote posts, can
Those Rascalls runne, our kingdome round about,
And not be found when iustice seekes them out.
They may be droncke, or sweare, or of the Pope speake ill,
Forsweare themselues, or lie, or what they will.
No euill in them, can ioyne sinnes name vnto it,
If for the Church, and Popes auayle they doe it.
The selfe same power that to deceaue hath he,
He giues to them, that once deceaued be.
With hells Commission, giuen a deuill to preach,
So doth the Pope his Saints and Children teach.
From Rome then let this truth be vnderstood,
The Pope knowes how, to make all mischiefs good.

These hell seed sowers, when they come to see
Such, as to whom, they may vnmasked be.
With wordes dissolu'd in graceles zeale to teares,
He then to them, with humble speech declares.
He doth no more then their saluation craue:
He Comes, their soules from Hell, and Deuill, to saue,
Alas saith he, your preachers doe you wrong,
Not of the Church, you not to heauen belong.
Then with a crosse, and bodie humbly bent,
My Lord the Pope his holynes hath sent,
By me, from forth Saint *Peters* blessed store,
Heauens heauenly kingdome, home vnto your doore.
Oh doe you then, with ioye your hearts addresse,
For to receiue, heauens proffered happines.
To heauen, marke well, for it is truth I say,
You cannot goe, vnlesse I teach the way.

And

And if you will no longer be beguiled,
To holy Rome you must be reconciled.
Thus they at first, doe set destructions trap,
And throwe themselues into deuotions lapp.
They fold their words, in seeming holy zeale,
And from the hearers, thus their hearts they steale.
And when as their perswasions thus haue wrought,
As to Romes sea, by them some soules are brought.
Then to the Pope, once reconcilde and sworne,
From hence to Rome, their hallowed names are borne.
And afterwardes, its taught them by degrees,
To vnderstand the strength of Romes decrees.
And so forth on, vntill they come to this,
To know like them, their prince no Christian is.
And some thing done, from sinne their land to free,
As murthering him, should meritorious bee.
And as they finde a spirite fit to heare,
So will they vse their doctrines to declare.
And giue to them, what their deuotion brings,
Beades, pictures, Saints, and pretie hallowed things.
Popes do maintaine their Antichristian Scisme,
With relicks, ragges, and Apish Munckanisme.
The simple thus, by them deceiued are,
The wise are caught, euen by the selfe same snare.
Thus in the darcke of hells eternall shade,
Amongst our selues, are English traytors made.
This is the seede that *Sathan* sowe,
And this the fruite, that from their labours growe.
And that these mists vnseene may safely florish,
our Papists doe them and their actions nourishe.

But that which threats great Britons monarchie,
and best vpholde Romes hatefull dignitie.

Is that mongst vs, there ruleth secretly,
A sea, and state, of Popish presbetrie.
In England here Rome hath an Arch-priest plac'd,
The Pope hath him as with a Councel grac'd.
Some certaine Papists onely knowes his walke,
And they alone, of Romes diseignes must talke.
All Iesuites, of Romes Priuie Councell be,
For best they know the grounds of trecherie.
At Rome for them, Princelike their Agents are,
Who doth their causes to the Pope prefer.
Rome hether, they thether, vsually,
As cause requires, doe send in embassie.
Before our safetie, can soundly be inioyed,
This Priest and Councell needes must be destroyed.
For by their meanes the Pope doth play the deuill,
And plagues vs here with euery kinde of euil.
All they desire, is our Confusions shame,
And ouer vs, the Pope supreame to hame.
Arch-Papist, doth for this the best he can,
Church-papist, he becomes his iorney man.
All worke together, the Pope aloft to rayse,
And still their working, workes our dangerous dayes.
Of some perhaps that thing is now condemned,
which done, would the, much more haue bin cõmended
All did not know, by some the treason cbynd,
Once done, God knowes, how many would haue ioyned
To sound effect, could Rome her hopes compose,
Romes forreine friends, would soone become our foes.
For he, on whom is laide their faiths foundation,
Can quickly giue a generall dispensation.
What Rome not gets by force or policie,
By promise, vowes, oathes, threates, or periurie.

By charmes, inchantments, witchcraft, forcerie,
For that he fights apeere, or secretly:
With murther, treason, bloud, and treacherie,
The Pope makes these his great artillarie.
Thus he vpholds his sea of blasphemie,
And when he doth, to hostile actions flie,
Then that which most is shame to Maiestie:
His kings must serue him in his villanie,
Ther's not an euill, that hell determine shall,
But Popes will vse, to serue their turnes withall.
Their actions waied, then let the truth speake thus,
Pittie to them, is cruelde to vs.

Are these the fruites, that Romish Saints forth bring?
Is it for this, so oft they masses sing?
Is this the zeale of their religious heate?
So oft for this, doe they their prayers repeate?
Is it for this, their God in minde to beare?
That on their breste, a Crucifixe they weare?
Is it for this, that whip themselues they vse?
For this doe they, their cloathes to weare refuse?
Doe they for this, to Saints and Angels pray.
Vse shrift, and penance, and fast so oft must they?
Is this their loue, almes, patience, and humilitie?
Is this their peace, and churches sweete tranquilitie?
Are these the children, that Romane faith begets?
With helpe of Popes, Friers, Nunnes and Iesuits?
Are they for this, with holy-water blest?
Doe their perfection in these effects consist?
Now sure since they, such deeds as these preferre,
The Pope's a whore, her children bastards are.
All their deuotions, brings such workes about,
Oh God keepe me from being so deuout.

I hope the Papists, no excuse can make,
This treason was for their religion sake.
And all the treasons, in late *Elizas* raigne,
Were done by those, that did Romes Sea maintaine.
So many then, as are thereof asham'd,
Leaue Rome, serue God, and be no further blam'd.
But let obedience, to your Soueraigne proue,
Your faithfull soundnesse, and repentant loue.
And though ere long the cunning of Romes drift,
Will coyne some cause, themselues from shame to shift:
Yet those of you, that will not shamelesse be,
Come to our Church, and from Romes doctrine flee.
And you that are the simplest sort of them,
That may be thought, plaine honest meaning men.
Your ignorance, no sound deuotion teacheth,
Trust not the lyes, that Popish doctrine preacheth.
Some now I hope, heauens grace to them imparted,
Will be from Rome, by Romes foule deeds conuerted.
Oh may that honor, whose heart sinnes action loath'd,
Hence forth no more, be in Romes darknesse cloath'd.
Mounte Eagles like, loue heauens all lightning sunne,
And from the clouds of Popish darknesse runne.
So many yeares the truth hath clearely shinde,
As none but those that will, can still be blinde.
Who so his eyes, against the light will shut,
Must needs himselfe in mistie darknesse put.
Be such Religion, of the world disdain'd,
As is with treason, bloud, and murther stain'd.
Papists still blinde, let not our Ile containe them,
Send them to Rome; for all but Rome disdaines them.

From of Romes shore, my Muse her selfe doth wend,
And would her course vnto Great *Britan* bend.

My natiue land, oh let to her my zeale,
The euidence of loues affection seale.
Who ist that sees the wrong vnto vs done,
But will from Rome and Romes adherents runne.
God in thy loue, preserue those Princely states,
Who all as one, *Romes* Sea, and doctrine hates,
And those mongst vs, that of profession vant,
My little tuft, most peeuish puritant.
Whose Brownisme, must our quiet state offend,
That witlesse striues for trifles to contend.
Whose in good sooth, indeed, and verilie,
Nere knew the ground, of faiths sincerine.
Whose folly, in a wide maskt net doth dance,
Whose zeale is but a painted ignorance.
Whose wildenesse runnes the fields and woods vnto,
Where preaching Coblers, learnes them what to doe,
Nise, curious wits, vaine, idle, wise, like dawes,
Iumpe ouer blocks, and stumble most at strawes.
When now they see, how God his Church hath loued,
Let them thereby, to ioyne with vs be moued.
And striue no more to prooue their foolerie,
Against both learning and authoritie.
Such will alone, for Christ his flock be knowne,
And will allow no Church, besides their owne.
Twixt them and those, throwne into like suspence,
There should be made, some greater difference.
Those that haue borne the burthen of the day,
And neuer ceast, to watch, to preach, to pray.
Whose loue and zeale, hath so heauens precepts taught,
As they to heauen, haue greatest number brought.
To *King* and *State*, whose hearts are constant, sound,
Whose doctrine doth on faiths saluation ground.

Let

Let not the Church, giue to it ſelfe a wound,
By looſing thoſe that are moſt faithfull found.
All thoſe graue Preachers, wiſe and fit to teach,
For trifles, let them not refuſe to preach.
But vſe their tallant, Gods number to increaſe,
Great is the ſinne, if now they holde their peace.
He doth not euill, that to his power withſtands it,
But who forbids not ſinne, and may, commandit.
The threates of lawe, ſway not affection ſo,
As thoſe good deeds which righteous rulers doe,
When no man may, tell kings they doe amiſſe,
Then in obedience their corruption is.
But God hath ſent to vs a vertuous King,
Let vertues loue, true loues obeyſance bring.
Oh let our loue be to that grace not miſt,
In which our ſelues, and all the world is bliſt.
The glory of that royall iſſues line,
Like to the ſunne, their famous deeds ſhall ſhine.
For *Britons* weale, let all good people trie.
To crowne her fame with perpetuitie.
God ſo the ground of her foundation lay,
As that no ſtrength may worke her weales decay.
Her glories, trophies, let no ſuch earth-quake ſhake,
Whoſe force would her, the land of Ruine make.
But let the glory of her King and ſtate,
Conſume thoſe foes that would her ruinate.
Traitors that would, in bloud our land haue drownd,
God them deſtroy, and all their plottes confound.
Thoſe hearts that would, domeſtick warres procure,
Be they ſuſt made, of deaths deſtruction ſure.
No home-bred broiles, may they our peace diſturbe,
Such mindes, oh let the ſtrength of iuſtice curbe.

Me thinkes there ſhould be ſomething vnderſtood,
When heauen is cloath'd in cloudes of fire and bloud.
Before and ſince the heauens did neuer caſt,
More ſignes then were about this treaſon laſt.
Could heathen men iudge future euils to hap,
When thunder did the Okes in peeces rap.
And if the ſunne ſhould but ſome ſigne bewraie,
Might no man dare gainſt ſuch prediction ſaie.
And now ſhall heauen both fier and bloud preſage,
And we not thinke they chide this ſinfull age.
Eclipſes ſtrange both of the Moone and Sunne,
When ſtrangely they, on heapes together come.
Shall reaſon ſo, and wiſdomes ſtrength be broken,
That by ſuch ſignes, there ſhalbe nothing ſpoken.
Shall God oft ſhake, as in his furies wrath,
The ſolled roundle of this maſſie earth.
And yet we ſtill remaine ſecure in ſinne,
Oh no, letts all for to repent begine.
The better that our ſafetyes ſtrength may grow,
Let *Ioſua*, *Acan*, and his wedge hence throw.
Our peace at home, be that eſtabliſht ſure,
No force abroad, can Britons wracke procure.
In ciuill warres, when ſouldiers armes are worne,
Vnluſt, tryumphe; the iuſt are force't to mourne.
No ſouldiers ſword, could make Rome: Empire ſtand,
When Rome, Rome ſelfe, bruſ'd with rebellions hand.
Let Britons, which doe God and Chriſt profeſſe,
Their faiths true ſoundnes, by their deeds expreſſe.
So ſhall heauens God, our King and land defend,
And from his Loynes a Roiall iſſue ſend.
That on his throne, ſhall ſit triumphantly,
Til Chriſt doth come in glorious dignitie.
This grace God grant, and thus ſhall ceaſe my pen,
But ſtill my heart, till death ſhall ſay Amen. FINIS.

A Song of reioycing for our late deliuerance.

GReat Brittons Ile, worlds wonder, heauens delight,
Religions ſtrength, faiths ſeate, profeſſions ſtay:
Confirmd, mayntaynd, vpheld, in hels deſpight,
That ſtill in thee, ſaluation floriſh may.
Thy King ſuruiues, and on Mount Sion *ſtandes,*
Protected ſafe, from force of traytors handes.

Thy Queene, thy Prince, thy Peeres, and Princely ſtate,
Thy Lords, thy Biſhopps, Knights, and Burgeſſes:
God hath preſeru'd from Romes inteſtiue hate,
A ſuddaine flame, ſhould haue conſum'd, all theſe.
Romes traytors now, ſo to the world are knowne,
As treaſons Mine, *hath Rome, and them vp blowne.*

Falſhood, hells childe, in hel darke Pathes doth treade,
To hide it ſelfe, from truthes diſcerning eye:
But traytors, God will to deſtruction leade,
They cannot liue, from iudgements ſtroke to flye.
Treaſon is like, the Bazilske *his eyes,*
Firſt ſeeing, kills, firſt being ſeene, it dies.

In ſpight of Romes proude Antichriſtian force,
Celeſtiall ioye, with heauenly comfort fills:
Their ſoules in whom, once toucht with ſinnes remorce.
By faith in Chriſt, a gratious dew diſtills.
Rome is exilde, and this is Albions *glory,*
King Iames *maintaines, the ſcriptures ſacred ſtory,*

Wher

A Song.

When Gods true Church, doth in her glory ſhine,
Why ſhould ſome mindes, their wiſdome ſo preſerre:
As if they were, then ſcripture more diuyne,
By ſelfe concept, to feede contentions iarre.
Sunne, Moone, and Starrs, *theſe lights too little be,*
To giue them light, that will themſelues not ſee.

A vnyon, and a vniforme, Conclude,
For trifles, let not time with truth contende:
No ſhadowes can, ſubſtantiall faith delude.
Indifferent things, ſhould not the wiſe offend.
By ioyning all, in bleſſed vnitie,
With dateleſſe fame, Crowne Brittons monarchie.

FINIS.

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